

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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PRICE 1/3



The ENCHANTED HORSE



1. Carried away by the magic Flying Horse, Prince Firroz of Persia at last managed to bring it down from the sky into the grounds of a small but beautiful palace. He did not know what country he was in, but he did not care, for in a room of the palace he met the loveliest princess he had ever seen. She spoke to him, as her ladies brought him wine and food.

2. "Good Prince, you are not in a savage country," she told him. "Here in the Kingdom of Bengal we are happy to greet visitors with kindness. My father, the King, built this small palace at a distance from the capital city, where I can enjoy the delights of the countryside. I am surprised that you were able to find it, for it is very well hidden."



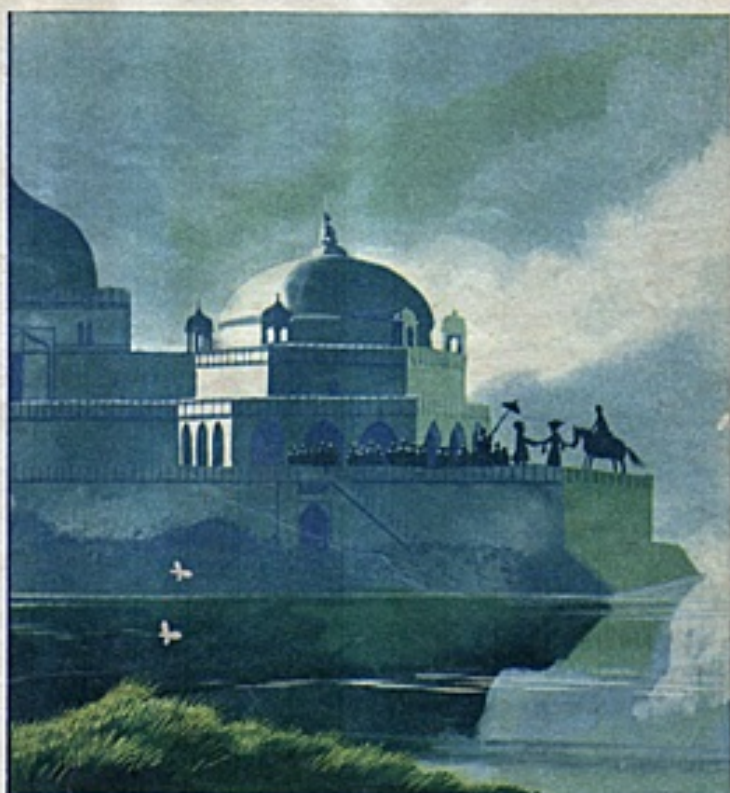
3. The young Prince stood up, then took the Princess by the hands and gently pulled her to her feet. "I was carried here by magic means," he said. "And in the same way, I beg you to fly with me to my father's Kingdom in Persia—on an enchanted horse fit for a Princess to ride."



4. When the Princess told him that first she must have the permission of her own father, and added that the King of Bengal would be visiting the country palace in a few weeks, the young Prince said he would stay. And in the weeks that passed, the Princess showed him around the beautiful country.



5. At last the King of Bengal arrived with the members of his court and the young Prince Fironz lost no time in asking for the hand of his most lovely daughter in marriage. "The one great wish of my life, good sir, is to take the Princess back to Persia with me to the palace of my royal father." The King took an instant liking to the Prince, so he agreed.



6. Prince Fironz was overjoyed, though still a tiny bit nervous of riding the Flying Horse. As yet he did not know very well how to manage it properly. However, on the morning of the next day, a little before daybreak, he went to the terrace of the Palace. The Princess was there, so was the King and a crowd that was bubbling with excitement.



7. They saw the Prince lift the Princess on to the back of the horse, and then take his place in front of her. "Put your arms around me," he whispered. This she did and then Prince Fironz turned the peg on the Flying Horse's neck and it soared up into the sky, swifter than the fastest bird. On the terrace, the King of Bengal and the people shouted in wonder at the sight.

More of this Enchanted Horse story next week.

1. **Alsatian.** In Europe and in America, Alsations are known as German Shepherd Dogs. They are very brave and intelligent and are often used as guard dogs and police dogs. As you can see, the Alsatian puppy has ears which flop down, but after about six months they stand up like their parents'.



2. **Poodle.** At one time, poodles were used for hunting and were known as Water Spaniels. These clever dogs are very popular as pets, for they easily learn tricks. The one shown above, with two sweet little puppies, is a miniature poodle, for it is less than 15 inches high.



Each week in our "Allsorts" pages we have shown you many things. This week, here are two delightful and attractive pages of some of our best friends in the world of animals . . .

All Sorts

5. **Welsh Corgi.** These strong little dogs are great favourites of the Royal Family of Great Britain and, as a result, have become very popular as pets in many homes. They were once used for driving cattle in Wales, or for looking after the farmyards.



6. **Boxer.** This kind of dog has been known for a long time in Germany and America, but became known in Great Britain in about the year 1939. Since then they have become popular, for although they look a little fierce, Boxers are very gentle and playful with children.





3. **Wire-haired Fox Terrier.** These are very friendly and lively little dogs, not dear to buy and not expensive to keep at home as a pet. The wire-haired kind has a coat like coconut matting, so tight that when parted with the fingers the skin cannot be seen.



4. **Dalmatian.** Sometimes known as the spotted plum-pudding dogs, Dalmatians were at one time made to trot behind horse-drawn carriages, because people thought it looked very smart. These little Dalmatian puppies will grow up to be about 55 pounds in weight, so they are hungrily eating up their food.

of Dogs



7. **Border Collie.** Collies are among the best-looking dogs of all breeds. Those called Border Collies are so famous for their skill at sheep-dog trials that they are sent to all parts of the world.



8. **Cocker Spaniel.** As long as 600 years ago these splendid spaniels were great favourites. With their brown eyes and long soft ears they look gentle creatures, and the puppies of a Cocker are the sweetest little bundles of fun you can ever see.



BRER RABBIT

This week Brer Rabbit escapes from Brer Hawk. By Barbara Hayes.



NOW, as I'm sure you children know, Brer Rabbit was a very cheeky little chap. He didn't care what he said to anyone. He didn't care what fun he made of anyone.

But one day all this cheekiness of Brer Rabbit's got him into real trouble.

It all started when Brer Rabbit was trotting along through the bushes singing a favourite song to himself.

Suddenly Brer Rabbit saw a shadow pass on the ground in front of him.

He looked up and there was Brer Hawk sailing round and round in the sky above.

Now, of course, Brer Rabbit should have run and hidden straight away, because, like Brer Wolf and Brer Fox, Brer Hawk loved stewed rabbit for his dinner.

But Brer Rabbit was feeling so full of himself that he just went on trotting along. Then he started shouting saucy remarks up at Brer Hawk.

"Have you got the moths in your feathers, Brer Hawk?" he shouted. "They certainly look chewed up and full of holes."

And all the while Brer Hawk circled lower and lower.

Then naughty Brer Rabbit started throwing sticks up at Brer Hawk.

"See if you can dodge these," he laughed, "or are you getting too old and too stiff?"

Brer Hawk, he said nothing, but just circled lower and lower.

Then Brer Rabbit put a stick to his shoulder and pointed at Brer Hawk and pretended the stick was a gun and fired it—"POW!"

"I bet that made you jump!" laughed Brer Rabbit.

But Brer Hawk, he said nothing. He just circled lower and lower, until by and by down he dropped right slam-bang on Brer Rabbit—and he grabbed hold of him and held him fast.

Right away Brer Rabbit realised how foolish he had been and his clever little mind started working hard thinking of a way of escape.

"I was only having fun, Brer Hawk," he said. "Why do you want to bother with being cross with a little chap like me?"

But Brer Hawk replied, "You've been playing the imp round this settlement for too long. I've got you now so if you've any last words to say, you'd better say them."

And that gave Brer Rabbit an idea.

"Why, Brer Hawk, that reminds me," he said. "I've got some gold buried

right over there under the corner of that fence. I do wish my poor little children could know where that gold is so that they have something to live on, after I am gone."

Of course, Brer Hawk was interested in the gold at once.

"Show me where the gold is, Brer Rabbit," he said, "and I will give it to your children after I have eaten you for dinner."

Of course, he really meant to keep the gold for himself. He didn't know that Brer Rabbit was not telling the truth and that there was no gold at all. I suppose it was wrong of Brer Rabbit not to tell the truth but, of course, he did not want to be served up as rabbit stew.

Brer Rabbit replied, "I would dig the gold up for you, Brer Hawk, if you would let me, but you are holding me so tight I can scarcely wink an eye, let alone dig up gold."

Brer Hawk said if he did that Brer Rabbit might get away.

But Brer Rabbit said there was no danger of that, because he was the sort of fellow that once he was caught, he stayed caught.

Well, Brer Hawk believed Brer Rabbit, so he let him go and Brer Rabbit ran and dug under the corner of the fence and Brer Hawk perched on the fence and watched.

"Don't be too long about it, Brer Rabbit," called out Brer Hawk. "I'm getting hungrier and hungrier all the time."

"Yes, I know, Brer Hawk," replied cheeky Brer Rabbit, digging furiously into the soil. "I'm being as quick as I can and you can be sure that the last thing I want to do is disappoint you."

Down and down went Brer Rabbit till he was quite out of sight.

And although Brer Hawk waited and waited, Brer Rabbit didn't come back.

"Where are you, Brer Rabbit?" called Brer Hawk.

"Here I am," came back the answer from the other side of the fence.

And when Brer Hawk looked over, he saw that on the other side of the fence was a briar patch.

Now everyone knows that once rabbits get into a briar patch, there's no catching them at all, so Brer Rabbit escaped again.

How all the little rabbits did laugh that night, when Brer Rabbit told them the story of how he had got the better of Brer Hawk. They all laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks, and Brer Rabbit had to tell the story over and over again, so by the time the little rabbits got to bed it was very late and their sides were aching because they had laughed and laughed so much.

There will be another Brer Rabbit story next week.

1. How can a leopard change its spots?
2. What is the most dangerous time of the year?
3. Which coin doubles its value when you take away half?
4. Which tree is always by the sea?
5. What is the most worthless thing you can have in your pocket?
6. Why are tall children lazier than short children?

ANSWERS:

1. By moving from one place to another.
2. Spring—when the plants start shooting.
3. A halfpenny.
4. The beach (beach).
5. A hole.
6. Because they are "taller" in bed.

The Editor's Letter

Hello, Boys and Girls,

This week I have found a little space for Brer Rabbit to ask you a few funny riddles. I hope you guessed the right answers to some of them before turning the page upside down. Do you like riddles? Most children do—so when I have room, I will print some more for you in "Once Upon A Time".

Your friend,

The Editor.



The River Nile

There are many rivers in our World, some large, some small. Here is the longest of all . . .



The River Nile is 4,160 miles long and is the longest river in the world. It is in the northern part of Africa. This map shows you Africa's place in the world.



The larger map above shows you the River Nile quite clearly. The river has three names—the Nile, the Blue Nile and the White Nile. The Blue Nile starts at Lake Tana in Ethiopia. The White Nile starts in Uganda, north of Lake Victoria. The White Nile and the Blue Nile join at the city of Khartoum. Thereafter, the great river is known simply as The Nile.



The Blue Nile flows very fast and picks up sand and clay. This discolours the water, which is blue-brown colour.



The White Nile, unlike the Blue Nile, does not pick up any sand or clay. As a result the water is quite clear.



At Khartoum, where the Blue and White Niles meet, the water becomes dark blue. In fact, the word Nile means dark blue.

A Day in the Park

Try to answer the questions under the pictures and have fun with numbers.



A. Mummy Bear and the little Teddy Bears are off to the park. How many bears are there ?



B. How many baby Bears are on the swings ? How many are watching with Mummy ? How many baby Bears altogether ?



C. Here's a lively football match. How many players are NOT wearing striped jerseys ?



D. At the boating pool. How many boats with sails can you count ?



E. Now it's ice-cream time. How many Bears are in the long queue ?

Answers : A.=5; B. 2+2=4; C.=3; D.=2; E.=10.

Carrying the post

This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story, turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions, to see how much you remember about it.

"MAKE way for the post! Make way for the post!" That is the loud cry being shouted by the man in the red coat, riding on the back of the coach trying to pass another one on the road from London to Dover. He has to shout at the top of his voice, because of the clatter of the iron-rimmed coach-wheels, the thunder of the horses' hooves and the cracking of the whips held by the drivers.

"Make way for the post!" the postman shouts again, waving his fist. "Let the post go through!"

The driver with the red scarf around his neck pretends not to hear. He has promised his passengers that they will reach the next town ahead of the mail-coach in time to get the best rooms at the only inn.

Cracking his whip, the driver pulls his team of horses across the road to block the path, but the mail-coach makes a daring effort to pass on the inside. The wheels of the coaches almost touch each other, but the mail-coach horses are the stronger of the two racing teams—and the post just squeezes past in a cloud of dust.

Do you know why letters, post-cards and parcels are called "the post"? It goes back to the very olden days. The name comes from the Romans, who had a message-delivery service along their famous roads and set up a post at the points where the riders could change their horses.

On page 20 of this issue of "Once Upon A Time" you can see a picture of Marco Polo, the famous explorer, being greeted by Khublai Khan, the Mongol Emperor who ruled over most of Asia. This was about 700 years ago, but when Marco Polo got back to his home in Italy, he reported that China at that time had ten thousand post offices.

So you can see that the job of taking the post is not a very new one, but in England there was not a very good postal delivery system until the reign of King Charles the First in about the year 1600. It was he who arranged for a postal-carrying service between London and Edinburgh, to go and come back in six days.





The Woodcutter and his Flute



1. Once upon a time there lived a woodcutter who played the flute so beautifully that all the small creatures of the forests would come from their nests and burrows to listen to him. One day a magician, charmed by his music, said he would grant the woodcutter one wish.



2. "I wish," said the woodcutter, "to become rich and famous." The magician gave a sigh, but touched him with his magic wand. "Your wish shall be grafted," he said. "Riches you shall have and fame as a flute-player."



3. The woodcutter went home in great excitement. He put aside his axe, packed his few belongings and set out on his travels. "If what the magician promised comes true, then it will be truly wonderful for me," he smiled.



4. He walked for a long way and came to a fine Palace. Outside the gates he stopped and played with all his skill. The sweet music floated inside and when it reached the ear of the King, he jumped off his throne. "Bring that player to me," he said.



5. "Never before have I heard such music," said the King, when the flute-playing woodcutter was brought in. "You shall become my Court Musician and play all day to please me and my noble courtiers. You will do no other work at all and be given money and gifts."



6. And so it came about that in no time the humble woodcutter became the spoilt darling of the court, but he was not happy. "I have fame, riches and everything I wanted," he thought. "What is wrong? Why am I unhappy?"



7. One night he crept into the Palace gardens, to be alone with his strange sorrow. He played a sad little tune on his flute, and from among the trees a sweet nightingale answered—then another and another, until the whole garden seemed alive with nightingales, answering his flute with their lovely song.



8. Then he knew that he did not belong to the Palace, and ran until he was home again. The forest creatures welcomed him back with love and joy—and the magician smiled a wise and secret smile. You see, he had known all along that the woodcutter would have to come back to where his heart was.



Beautiful Paintings

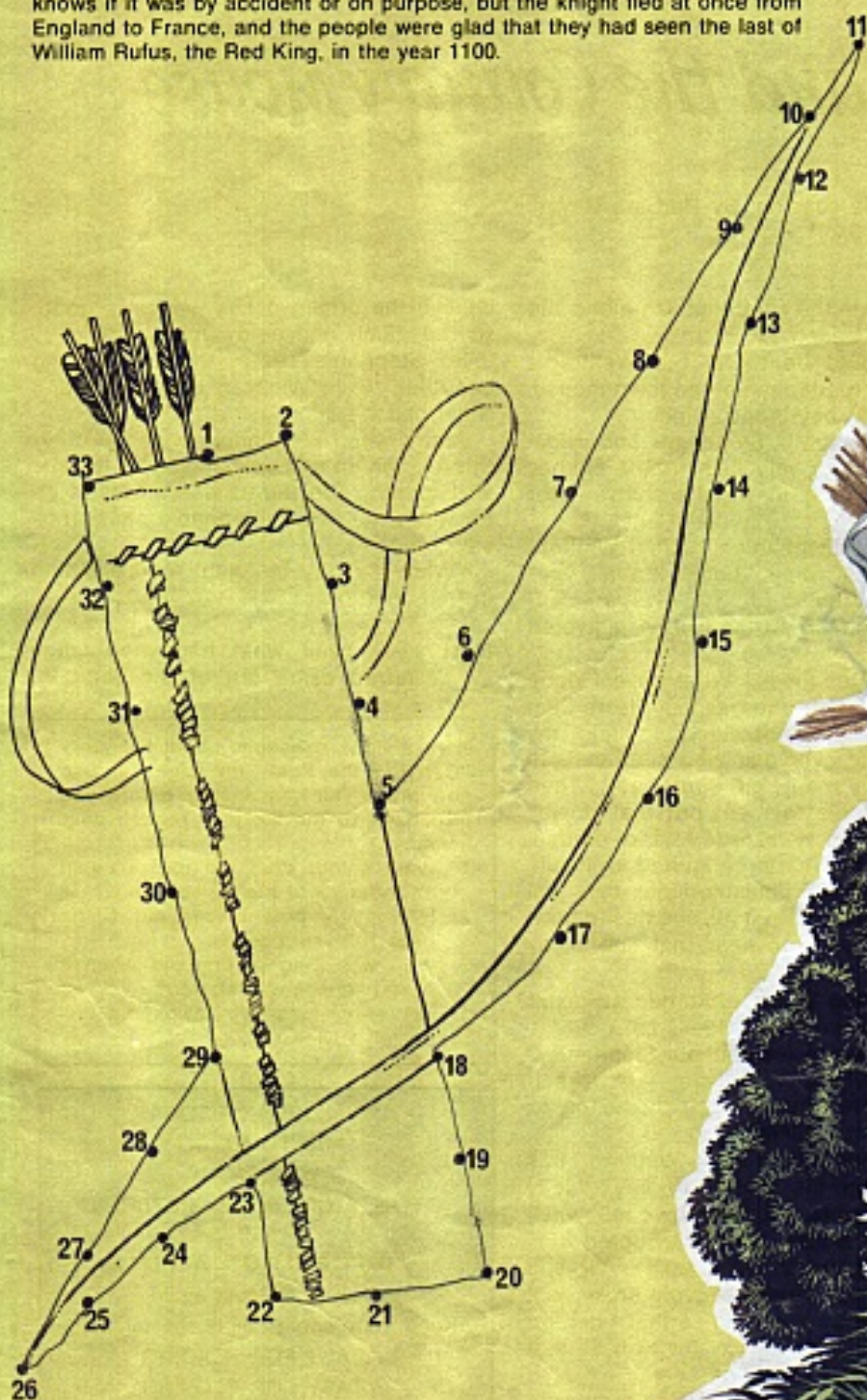
This lovely picture by Jessie Arms Botke would be well worth cutting out, to be hung on your wall or put into a scrapbook. It is a scene that might have come from a park in Japan, or the large garden of a rich gentleman's estate in that country. In the cool pond, shaded by flowering shrubs, two tall and graceful wading birds strut around in search of food. The birds, with their bright red caps, are Manchurian Cranes. You can tell from the

shape of their sharp-pointed beaks that they are always ready to dart down their heads and snatch up anything worth eating from the water—including the attractive goldfish, if they are foolish enough to swim within reach, away from the protection of the big water-lily leaves which offer them a hiding-place. Have you noticed the strange thing about the knees of these cranes? They bend in the opposite way to the knees of a human being.

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William Rufus

William Rufus was born with bright red hair, and he was the son of William the Conqueror, who invaded England in the year 1066. When William Rufus became King in 1087, he was not liked by the people and they called him the Red King. William Rufus, whom you can see here in hunting costume, liked to hunt in the New Forest and one day it caused his death. A knight, one of the King's hunting party, shot an arrow which killed William Rufus. Nobody knows if it was by accident or on purpose, but the knight fled at once from England to France, and the people were glad that they had seen the last of William Rufus, the Red King, in the year 1100.



Carefully join the dots of this picture puzzle from number 1 to number 33, and you will draw a bow and quiver of arrows, such as William Rufus might have used when he went hunting in the New Forest.





The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

A day at the seaside. By Barbara Hayes.

It was a lovely sunny Saturday in the little country village where Winifred, the country mouse, lived. And it was a thrilling adventurous Saturday as well.

It was the day that Winifred and her boy-friend, Bertie, had decided to go on a trip to the seaside.

The adventure had really started when they had seen a poster at the railway station.

"Cheap day trips to Sunny Sands. Saturdays only," it had said.

"Oh, Bertie, I would like to go to the seaside," Winifred had said.

And Bertie had replied that things weren't too busy at the farm just at the moment and he thought he would be able to spare the time to go.

So it had been decided that they would go.

"And if we are going to the seaside, then I must go in for a swim," smiled Winifred.

But when she saw the price of the swimsuits, she felt quite glum.

"I can't afford to buy a swimsuit and go to the seaside," she thought.

Then she had an idea.

"I'm good at knitting," she smiled, "I will knit myself a swimsuit. A knitted swimsuit needn't cost me anything at all. I will unpick that old jumper Great Aunt Sally gave me and I will use the wool for my swimsuit."

So when the great day came at last, Winifred and Bertie went in the train to Sunny Sands, with a picnic basket, some towels, Winifred's knitted swimsuit, a bucket and spade Bertie had borrowed from the farm and a swimsuit for Bertie that he had borrowed from a cousin.

What a fine time they had.

They looked at all the shops, then they ate their picnic on the beach.

Then Winifred and Bertie took it in turns to go behind the rocks to change into their swimsuits.

They were just going for a dip in the sea, when Winifred happened to glance

back towards the road that ran along the side of the beach.

Who should be there, but Winifred's smart cousin, Stephanie, the town mouse, with her rich boy-friend, Nigel.

Of course, both Stephanie and Nigel were dressed in very fashionable clothes and were riding in Nigel's shiny motor car.

"Yohooo! Stephanie!" called Winifred in her loudest voice. "Look! It's me, your cousin Winifred!"

Stephanie turned and then shivered with horror.

"Oh my goodness! What have I done to deserve this?" she gasped. "Here I am at the seaside, absolutely looking my best, so that everyone who sees me will know that I really am *somebody*. Then who do I have to meet but that dowdy cousin of mine, Winifred! And, of course, she has to be wearing a knitted swimsuit. I ask you, how unfashionable can you get? And then to top it all, she has to bawl out for everyone to hear that she is my *cousin*."

By this time Winifred, knitted swimsuit and all, had run up to Nigel's car.

"How lovely to see you, our Stephanie," smiled Winifred, who was very sweet-natured. "Are you going to come on to the beach for a swim?"

Nigel, who rather liked Winifred, was just opening his mouth to say, "Jolly decent of you to ask. We'd love to," when Stephanie's bossy voice interrupted him.

"Are you mad?" she asked. "If you think I have put on this lovely dress, just to peel it off on the sand so that I can go into the sea and ruin my fur with all that salt water, you can think again."

But then Nigel said, "Come on old thing—er—I mean *young* thing, be a sport. Let me have a swim with Winifred and Bertie and then I will take you to tea in the best café in town."

"Oh, very well," Stephanie agreed, happy at the thought of going to have a nice tea at the best café in town. "I

believe the cream cakes are extra good, so run along and enjoy yourself, Nigel."

So Stephanie sat in the car looking beautiful, while Winifred and Bertie and Nigel had a swim.

And if when Stephanie heard the other three laughing and splashing, she felt she was missing the fun, it was all made up for when she heard the people passing by say:

"What a really beautiful mouse sitting in that smart car!"

Next week read what happened when Winifred came out of the sea.

Here are the questions about the story "Carrying the Post" on page 10. See how many you can answer before you turn back to the story to refresh your memory:

1. What colour coat did the postman on the back of the mail-coach wear?
2. How many post offices did China have 700 years ago?
3. Who was King of England when a postal service was started?
4. Between which two towns did this postal service run?

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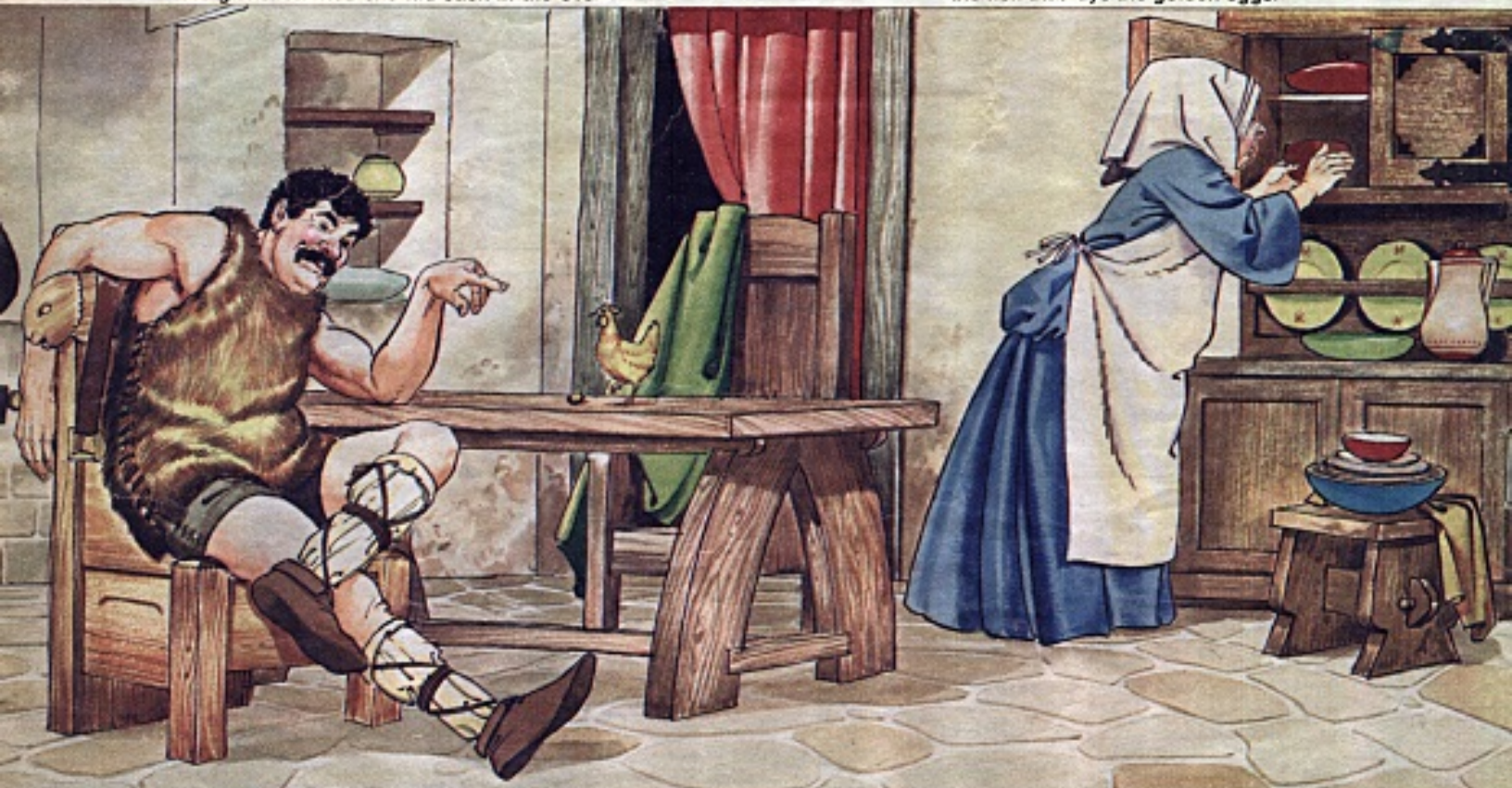
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK



1. At the top of the magic beanstalk Jack found the wicked giant's house. The giant's wife was about to feed Jack but when the giant returned she hid Jack in the oven



2. He was a really big giant. So big that he ate three whole oxen for his breakfast. Then he smacked his lips and called out: "Wife, bring me the hen that lays the golden eggs."



3. Jack wondered what was going to happen. Peeping through the oven door he saw the giant's wife fetch a pretty, golden-coloured hen and place it on the table before the giant. "Lay!" ordered the giant. Jack held his breath, peeping at this strange scene.

4. No sooner had the giant spoken the word than the hen laid an egg of pure shining gold. "Lay!" ordered the giant again, and at once the hen laid a second golden egg. Jack's eyes grew as round as saucers as he watched.



5. "What a clever little bird you are," smiled the giant, and he gently stroked the hen's feathers. Then, presently, the giant closed his eyes and his head began to nod. Soon he was fast asleep. But not until he was snoring so loudly that the whole household shook did Jack climb quietly out of the oven and creep across to the giant's chair. Even the golden hen seemed to be fast asleep.



6. Without making a sound Jack clambered up the leg of the table, snatched the golden hen from the table top and scampered away with it. But just as he reached the open doorway the hen gave a loud cackle that to Jack's ears sounded like a clap of thunder. With a mighty start the giant awoke and poor Jack's heart nearly stopped in-fright. He just hoped that he had not been seen.



7. Jack ran all the faster, and as he raced from the house he heard the giant calling: "Wife! Wife! What have you done with my golden hen?" "I haven't touched it," the wife answered.



8 But that was all Jack heard, for he didn't stop running until he reached the magic beanstalk. Down he climbed as fast as a monkey for he knew the giant was going to be very angry indeed.

Next week Jack meets the wicked giant again and more exciting things happen.

FAMOUS NAMES

Facts to interest you about people, things and places.



1. **Achilles.** The mother of Achilles (say "Ack-ill-eez") was the Greek goddess Thetis. Wishing to make her own son immortal, so that he would live forever, she dipped him in the magic River Styx. The water washed all over him, except for one spot—where his mother held him by the heel. Years later, Achilles was killed when an arrow wounded him in the heel, so his mother's hope of an immortal son was not granted.



2. **Paris.** Paris is the capital city of France. It has many bridges which span the River Seine, and the splendid and very old cathedral of Notre Dame (which in English means Our Lady). The cathedral of Notre Dame is shown in the picture above. Paris has several beautiful museums and visitors from all over the world go to see them. The Louvre, which is the most famous, used to be the palace of the Kings of France.



3. **The Mississippi River.** The Mississippi River and its main branch, the Missouri River, together make the longest waterway in the world which can be used by ships. Altogether, 250 rivers empty into the Mississippi as it winds its way from the north to the south of the United States of America, mostly through a great cotton-growing area.



4. **Marco Polo.** Marco Polo was the son of an Italian merchant. Many years ago, in search of rich silks and spices to buy and sell, he travelled far to the east and became the first man from Europe to visit many parts of India and China. He went to the court of Kublai Khan, the great Mongol Emperor who ruled over most of Asia, and was received most kindly.